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crepancy arises immediately between their time and his; and all is lost.

In a festival where 1200 performers were assembled under my direction, at Paris, I had to employ four chorus-masters, stationed at the four corners of the vocal mass, and two sub-conductors, one of whom directed the wind-instruments, and the other the instruments of percussion. I had earnestly besought them to look towards me incessantly; they did not omit without the slightest discrepancy of rhythm established amidst our 1200 performers the most perfect unity ever witnessed.

With one or more electric metronomes now, it seems no longer necessary to have recourse to this means. One might, in fact, thus conduct without difficulty chorus-singers turning their back towards the chief conductor; but, attentive and intelligent sub-conductors would always be, nevertheless, in such a case, preferable to a machine. They have not only to beat the time, like the metronomic staff; but they have also to speak to the groups around them, to call their attention to nice shades of execution, and after bar-rests, to remind them at the moment of their coming-in again.

In a space arranged as a semicircular amphitheatre, the orchestral conductor, may alone conduct a considerable number of performers; all eyes then being able to look towards him. Nevertheless, the employment of a certain number of sub-conductors appears to me preferable to the singleness of individual direction, on account of the great distance between the chief conductor and the extreme points of the vocal and instrumental body.

The more distant the orchestral conductor is from the performers he directs, the more his influence over them is diminished.

The best way would be to have several sub-conductors, with several electric metronomes beating before their eyes the principal beats of the bar.

(*To be continued.*)

## MUSIC

### AMONG THE POETS AND POETICAL WRITERS.

By MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

(*Continued from page 235.*)

POETRY has struck the chords of that music which dwells in dread sounds. Those of a sea-fight are thus vigorously recorded:—

"At midnight the sound grew into a roll  
As the sound of all gath'nings from pole to pole,  
From pole unto pole, and from clime to clime,  
Like the roll of the wheels of the hasting of time;—  
A sound as of cities, and sound as of swords  
Sharpening, and solemn and terrible words,  
And laughter as solemn, and thunderous drumming,  
A tread as if all the world were coming.  
And then was a lull, and soft voices sweet  
Call'd into music those terrible feet,  
Which rising on wings, lo! the earth went round  
To the burn of their speed with a golden sound."

*Leigh Hunt.*

"In the sea it happed them to meet;  
Up goeth the trump, and for to shout and sheet, [shoot]  
And painen them to set on with the sun;  
With grisly sound out goeth the great gun,  
And heartily they hurtle all at once,  
And from the top down cometh the great stones,  
In goeth the grapinel so full of crooks,  
Among the ropes ran the shearing hooks,  
In with the poleax presseth he; and he,  
Behind the mast beginneth he to flee,  
And out again, and driveth him on board,  
He sticketh him upon his spear's orde, [point]  
He rent the sail with hookès like a scythe.  
He bringeth the cup, and biddeth them be blithe,  
He poureth peasen upon the hatches slider, [slippery]  
With pottes full of lime they gone togider, [together]  
And thus the longe day in fight they spend."—*Chaucer.*

"All the living things that heard  
That deadly earth-shock disappear'd:  
The wild birds flew; the wild dogs fled,  
And howling left the unbured dead.  
The camels from their keepers broke;  
The distant steer forsook the yoke—  
The nearer steed plunged o'er the plain,  
And burst his girth, and tore his rein;  
The bull-frog's note, from out the marsh,  
Deep-mouth'd arose, and doubly harsh;  
The wolves yell'd on the cavern'd hill  
Where echo roll'd in thunder still;  
The jackal's troop, in gather'd cry,  
Bay'd from afar complainingly,  
With a mix'd and mournful sound,  
Like crying babe, and beaten hound:  
With sudden wing, and ruffled breast,  
The eagle left his rocky nest,  
And mounted nearer to the sun,  
The clouds beneath him seem'd so dun;  
Their smoke assail'd his startled beak,  
And made him higher soar and shriek—  
Thus was Corinth lost and won!"—*Byron.*

"Has not the soul, the being of your life,  
Received a shock of awful consciousness,  
In some calm season, when these lofty rocks  
At night's approach bring down the unclouded sky,  
To rest upon their circumambient walls?  
A temple framing of dimensions vast,  
And yet not too enormous for the sound  
Of human anthems,—choral song, or burst  
Sublime of instrumental harmony,  
To glorify the Eternal! What if these  
Did never break the stillness that prevails  
Here,—if the solemn nightingale be mute,  
And the soft woodlark here did never chant  
Her vespers,—Nature fails not to provide  
Impulse and utterance. The whispering air  
Sends inspiration from the shadowy heights,  
And blind recesses of the caverned rocks;  
The little rills, and waters numberless,  
Inaudible by daylight, blend their notes  
With the loud streams: and often, at the hour  
When issue forth the first pale stars, is heard,  
Within the circuit of this fabric huge,  
One voice—the solitary raven, flying  
Athwart the concave of the dark blue dome,  
Unseen, perchance above all power of sight—  
An iron knell! with echoes from afar  
Faint—and still fainter—as the cry, with which  
The wanderer accompanies her flight  
Through the calm region, fades upon the ear,  
Diminishing by distance till it seemed  
To expire; yet from the abyss is caught again,  
And yet again recovered!"—*Wordsworth.*

"Ye who are longing to be rid  
Of fable, though to truth subservient, hear  
The little sprinkling of cold earth that fell  
Echoed from the coffin-lid;  
The convict's summons in the steeple's knell.  
'The vain distress-gun,' from a leeward shore,  
Repeated—heard, and heard no more!

For terror, joy, or pity,

Vast is the compass and the swell of notes:  
From the babe's first cry to voice of regal city,

Rolling a solemn sea-like bass, that floats  
Far as the woodlands—with the thrill to blend  
Of that shy songstress, whose love-tale  
Might tempt an angel to descend,

While hovering o'er the moonlight vale.  
Ye wandering utterances, has earth no scheme,  
No scale of moral music—to unite  
Powers that survive but in the faintest dream  
Of memory?"—*Wordsworth.*

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"Ah! why in age

Do we revert so fondly to the walks  
Of childhood—but that there the soul discerns  
The dear memorial footsteps unimpaired  
Of her own native vigour; thence can hear  
Reverberations; and a choral song,  
Commingle with the incense that ascends,  
Undaunted, toward the imperishable heavens,  
From her own lovely altar?

\* \* \* \* \*

power to commune with the invisible world,  
And hear the mighty stream of tendency  
Uttering, for elevation of our thought,  
A clear sonorous voice, inaudible  
To the vast multitude, whose doom it is  
To run the giddy round of vain delight,  
Or fret and labour on the plain below."

*Wordsworth.*

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*This Journal is published on the 1st of every month.*

*We would request those who send us country newspapers, wishing us to read particular paragraphs, to mark the passage, by cutting a slit in the paper near it.*

*The late hour at which Advertisements reach us, interferes much with their proper classification.*

*Colored Envelopes are sent to all Subscribers whose payment in advance is exhausted. The paper will be discontinued where the Subscriber neglects to renew. We again remind those who are disappointed in getting back numbers, that only the music pages are stereotyped, and of the rest of the paper, only sufficient are printed to supply the current sale.*

*We cannot undertake to return offered contributions; the authors, therefore, will do well to retain copies.*

*Q. C. G.—The statute respecting musical degrees at Oxford, has, we hear, lately been greatly altered. In addition to a long "Exercise," in the form of a cantata, to be composed by the candidate, and performed before the University, we believe he must also pass a viva voce examination in the schools, in the theory of his art. We advise our correspondent to apply to the Professor of the University wherein he may wish to graduate; it being a part of the business of that officer to give information to those who intend to present themselves for degrees.*

*Jubal is referred to the third advertisement at p. 256 of the Musical Times, for the particulars he requires.*

*Mechanics.—If you will send your name and address, we will furnish the information you desire.*

#### Brief Chronicle of the last Month.

**BUCKINGHAM PALACE.**—Her Majesty gave a state concert on the 30th May; when Mesdames Jenny Goldschmidt Lind, Clara Novello, Viardot Garcia, Bosio, Didiée, Messrs. Gardoni, Sims Reeves, Ronconi, Formes, and Weiss, were the vocalists, and Herr Otto Goldschmidt, the instrumentalist. Mr. Costa accompanied at the pianoforte.

**MR. AND MRS. ALFRED GILBERT AND MISS COLE** gave their first and second performances of classical chamber music, on the 2nd and 16th June, at Willis's Rooms.

**HERR ROBERT GOLDBECK's** evening concert took place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on the 10th of June.

**MR. FRANCESCO BERGER** gave two matinées musicales on the 11th and 25th of June, at the Beethoven Rooms. Two pretty pieces of his own composition, "La Romana," and "La Napolitana," pleased very much; and a new song, sung by Herr Reichardt, gave general satisfaction.

**MISS MANNING's** concert took place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on the 17th of June.

**MADAME BASSANO AND HERR KÜHE's** annual grand morning concert took place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on the 9th of June. Madame Viardot Garcia, Miss Sherrington, Miss Stabbach, Miss Teresa Bassano, and Madame Bassano, with Mr. Sims Reeves, Sig. F. Lablache, and Herr Reichardt, were the vocal performers; and Messrs. Sainton, Paque, Richard Blagrove, and Herr Kühe, with Miss Arabella Goddard, were the instrumental performers.

**MISS EMMA BUSBY** gave a matinée musicale at the Beethoven Rooms, on the 20th June; Madame Viardot Garcia being the vocalist on the occasion, and Madame Clara Schumann, Miss Emma Busby, Herr Molique, and Sig. Piatti, being the instrumentalists. Mr. Rea was the accompanist.

**HERREN MORITZ LEOPOLD AND WILHELM GANZ** gave a morning concert at the Hanover Square Rooms, on the 14th June. They were assisted by Mesdames Clara Novello, Viardot Garcia, Rudersdorff, Jenny Baur, Herren Reichardt, Formes, and Sig. Iradier. The duet of "Serbani ognor" obtained a large share of applause, exquisitely sung as it was by Mesdames Clara Novello and Viardot Garcia.

**SIGNOR CAMPANA** gave his annual grand morning concert at the Dudley Gallery, by permission of Lord Ward. Mesdames Clara Novello and Bassano, Mdles. Canedi and Bassano, Signori Ciabatta, Lorenzo, Fedor, Monari, and Giubilei, acquitted themselves severally with their usual ability. Sig. Leghicielli won deserved applause by his performance of a fantasia for the violin by Alard. Sig. Andreoli replied to the encore elicited by his performance of "La Danse des Sylphides," by playing a piece for the left hand only, in which he again drew forth the admiration of his audience. Sig. Regondi played a concertina piece of his own, in his inimitable way. Mr. John Thomas was also warmly applauded for his performance on the harp.

**ROYAL SOCIETY OF FEMALE MUSICIANS.**—A miscellaneous concert of vocal and instrumental music was performed for the benefit of this institution, on the 13th June. Madame Clara Novello, Madame Viardot Garcia, Madame Gassier, Mdle. Emilie Krall, Miss Birch, Miss Dolby, Mrs. Lockey, Sig. Marras, Mons. Gassier, Mr. Benson, and Mr. Lawler, were the vocalists; and Madame Clara Schumann, Professor Sterndale Bennett, Herr Nabich, and Sig. Giulio Regondi, were the instrumentalists. Conductor, Professor Sterndale Bennett; leader, Mr. H. Blagrove.